

Order sheweth in parte  
eider

# A play of loue,

## A newe and a

mery enterlude concernyng plea-  
sure and payne in loue,  
made by Iohn  
Heywood.

Thomas , Skiffmgt  
The players  
names.

A man a louer not beloued.  
A woman beloued not louyng.  
A man a louer and beloued.  
The byse nother louer noz beloued.

W

R







The louer not beloued.

**I** O sly, who so that loketh here for curtesy  
And seth me seme as one pretending none  
But as vnthought vppon thus sodenly  
Approcheth the myddys amonge you euerychone  
And of you all seyth nought to any one.  
May thynke me rewe perceyving of what soyte  
ye seme to be, and of what statelly porte.

But I beseeche you in most humble wyse  
To omytte dyspleasure and pardon me  
My maner is to muse and to deuyse  
So that some tyme my selfe may cary me  
My selfe knowyth not where, and I asure ye  
So hath my selfe done nowe, for our lord wot  
where I am, or what ye be, I knowe not.

O: whence I cam, or whyther I shall  
All this in maner as vnknewen to me  
But eyn as fortune guydeth my fore to fale  
So wander I, yet where so euer I be  
And whom or howe many so euer I se  
As one person to me is euerychone  
So euery place to me but as one

And for that one persone euery place seke I  
which one ones founde I fynde of all the rest  
Not one myssyng, and in the contrary  
That one absent, though that there were here prest  
All the creatures lyving most and lest  
yet lackyng her I shulde and euer shall  
Be as alone syns she to me is all

And alone is she without comparyson  
Concernyng the gystys groupyn by nature  
In fauour faynes and porte as of person  
No lyfe beryth the lyke of that creature  
No: no tonge can attayne to put in vye  
Herto dyscryue, for howe can wordes expres  
That thyng the full wherof no thought can ges.

And as it is thyng inestimable  
To make reporte of her bewty fully  
So is my loue towarde her vnable  
To be reportyd as who seyth rightly



For my soole seruyce and loue to that lady  
Is gyuen vnder such haboundant fashyon  
That no tonge therof can make ryght relashyon.

wherin I suppose this well supposed  
Unto you all, that syns she perceyuyng  
As much of my loue as can be dysclosed  
Euyr of very ryght in recompensyng  
She ought for my loue agayne to be louyng  
For what more ryght to graunt when loue loue requireth  
Then loue for loue, when loue nought els despyeth

But euyr as farre wurs as otherwyle then so  
Stande I in case in maner desperate  
No tyme can tyme my sewt to ease my wo  
Before none to erely and all tymes els to late  
Thus tyme out of tyme mystymeth my rate  
For tyme to byyng tyme to hope of any grace  
That tyme tymyth no tyme in any tyme o? place.

wherby tyll tyme haue tyme so farre extyncte  
That deth may determyne my lyfe thus dedly  
No tyme can I reste alas I am so lyncete  
To greues both so greate and also many  
That by the same I say and wyl verysy  
Of all paynes the moste incomparable payne  
Is to be a louer not louyd agayne.

The woman belouyd not lo-  
uyng entreth.

Belouyd not louyng.

Sy: as touchyng those woordes of comparyson  
whiche ye haue seyde and wolde seme to verysy  
If it may please you to stande therupon  
Hearpyng and answerpyng me paciently  
I doubt not by the same incontynently  
your selfe to see by woordes that shall ensue  
The contrary of your woordes verysyed for true.

Louer not loued

Fayre lady pleasyth it you to repayre nere  
And in this cause to shewe cause reasonable  
wherby cause of refozmacyon may appere  
Of reason I muste and wylbe refozmable  
well syns ye ppretende to be confyrmable  
To reason, in auoydyng circumstance  
Brefely by reason I shall the truthe auauunce.

Louyd not louyng

ye be



pe be a louer no whyt loupd agayne  
And I am loupd of whom I loue nothyng  
Then standyth our question betwene these twayns  
Of loupng not loupd, or loupd not loupng  
which is the case moſte paynfull in ſufferyng  
wherto I ſaye that the moſte payne doth moue  
To thoſe belouyd of whome they can not loue

**Louer not loupd.** Thoſe wordes approued lo, myght make a chaunge  
Of myne opinion / but verely  
The caſe as ye put it I thynke moze ſtraunge  
Then true, for though the belouyd party  
Can not loue agayne, yet poſſyblly  
Can I not thynke, no; I thynke neuer ſhall  
That to be loupd can be any payne at all.

**Belouyd not loupng.** That reaſon perceyvd and receyvd for trouthy  
From proper comparyſon ſholde clere confounde me  
Betwene payne & no payne, no ſuch comparyſon growth  
Then or I can on comparyſon grounde me  
To proue my caſe paynefull ye haue fyrſt bounde me  
To which ſyns ye dyvye me by your denyall  
Marke what enſueth befoze ferther tryall.

I ſaye I am loupd of a certayne man  
whom for no ſewt I can ſauour agayne  
And that haue I tolde hym ſyns his ſewt began  
A thouſand tymes but euery tyme in bayne  
For neuer ſeaſeth his tonge to complayne  
And euery one tale whiche I neuer can ſlee  
For euery in maner where I am is he.

Nowe if you to here one thyng euery where  
Contrary to your appetyte ſholde be led  
were it but a mouſe lo ſholde pepe in your ere  
Or alway to harpe on a cluſt of bred  
Howe coulde you lyke ſuch harpyng at your hed  
**Loupng not loupd.** Somewhat dyſpleaſant it were I not deny  
**Loupd not loupng.** Then ſomewhat paynefull as well ſeyd ſay I

Dyſpleaſure and payne be thynges ioynntly anert  
For as it is dyſpleaſant in payne to be  
So it is paynefull in dyſpleaſure to be vext  
Thus by dyſpleaſure in payne ye confeſſe me  
wherby ſyns ye part of my payne do ſee  
In my ferther payne I ſhall nowe declare

A.iii. That



That payne by whiche with your payne I compare.

Smale were the quantyte of my paynfull smerte  
yf hys tangelynge perceyd no further then myne erys  
But thorough myne erys dyrectly to myne harte  
perceyth his wordys eyn lyke as many sperys  
By whiche I haue spent so many and suche terys  
That were they all red as they be all whyte  
The blood of my harte had be gone of thys quyte

And almoste in case as though it were gone

Am I except hys sewt take end shortly

For it doth lyke me eyn lyke as one

Shold offer me seruyce most humbly

wyth an are in hys hande, contynually

Besechynge me gentylly that thys myght be sped

To graunte hym my good wyll to stryke of my hed

I alledge for generall thys one symplytude

Auoydng rehersale of paynes partyculer

To abreneate the tyme and to exclude

Surplusage of wordes in thys our mater

By whiche ensauple yf ye consydere

Ryghtly my case at lest wylse ye may see

My payne as paynfull as your payne can bee.

And yet for shorter end put case that your payne

were oft tymes more sharpe and sore in degre

Then myne ys at any tyme yet wyl I proue playne

My payne at lenght suffycient to match ye

whiche profe to be true your selfe shall agre

yf your affeccyon in that I shall resyght

May suffer your reason to vnderstande ryght

you stand in plesure haupng your loue in syght

And in her absens hope of syght agayne

kepyth moste tymes possessyon of some delyght

Thus haue you oft tymes some way ease of payne

And I neuer no way for when I do remayne

In hys presens, in dedly payne I soloyne

And absent, halfe ded in feate of hys retourne

Spys presens nor absens absenteth my payne

But alway the same to me is present

And that by presens and hope of presens agayne

Thet doth appere myche of your tyme spente

Out of



Out of payne, me thynke this consequent  
That my payne may well by meane of the length  
Compare with your payne of more strength

**Louer not loued.** **Louer not loued.** **Louer not loued.**  
If your long payne be no stronger  
Then is your longe reason agaynst my shorte payne  
Ye lacke no likelihood to last much longer  
Then he that wolde styke of your hed so fayne  
Yet lest ye wolde note my wordes to dysdayne  
I am content to agree for a season  
To graunt and enlarge your latter reason

I mytte by her presens halfe my tyme pleasaunt  
And all your tyme as paynefull as in case can be  
Yet your payne to be moll, reason wyl not graunt  
And for ensample I put case that ye  
Stood in colde water all a day to the kne  
And I halfe the same day to my leg in the fyre  
Wolde ye chaunge places with me for the dysper

**Loued not loutyng.** **Louer not loued.**  
Say that wolde I not be ye assuered  
Forsooth and my payne aboue yours is as yll  
As fyre aboue water thus to be endewred  
Came my payne but at tymes and yours contynue styll  
Yet shold myne many weys to whome can skyll  
Shewe yours, in comparyson betwene the twayne  
Shanty able for a shadowe to my payne

I felt ye but one pang such as I fele many  
One pang of dyspayre, or one pang of desyre  
One pang of one dyspleasaunt loke of her eye  
One pang of one worde of her mouth as in yre  
Or in restraynt of her loue which I requyre  
One pang of all these felt ones in all your lyfe  
Sholde quyle your dyspayre and quench all our stryfe

Which panges I say admitted short as ye lyst  
And all my tyme besyde pleasaunt as ye please  
Yet coulde not the shynnes the sharpnes to resyst  
The peryng of my harte in the lest of all these  
But much it ouermarcheth all your dysleafe  
For as whye in effecte to your case dyspleasaunt  
But to deny & toryng whyle ye lyst not to graunt

Or to here a felow by dayly peticyon  
In humble maner as wylt can deuyse

Requyre



Requyre a thyng so standyng in condyshyon  
As no porcyon of all his enterpryse  
Without your consent can spede in any wyse  
This sewt thus attempted neuer so long  
Doubt ye no deth tyll your payne be moze strong

Nowe syns in this mater betwene vs dysputed  
Myne admyttance of your wordes notwithstanding  
I haue thus fully your part confuted  
What can ye say nowe I come to denyng  
your pynncple, graunted in my foresayeng  
which was this, by the presens of my lady  
I graunted you halfe my tyme spent pleasauntly

Although myne affeccyon ledyth me to consent  
That her selde presens is my relese onely  
yet as in reason appereth all my torment  
Byed by her presens and marke this cause why  
Before I sawe her I felt no malydy  
And syns I sawe her I neuer was fre  
From twayne the greatest paynes that in loue be

Desyre is the fyrst vpon my fyrst syght  
And despayre the nexte vpon my fyrst sewt  
For vpon her fyrst answere hope was put to flyght  
And neuer came syns in place to dyspewt  
Howe byngeth then her presens to me any frewt  
For hopeles and helpeles in flames of desyre  
And droppes of despayre I smolder in fyre

These twayne beyng endeles syns they began  
And both by the presens of her wholly  
Begon and contynued, I wonder if ye can  
Speke any worde moze, but yelde ymmedyately  
For had I no mo paynes but these, yet clerely  
A thousande tymes moze is my grefe in these twayne  
Then yours in all the case by which ye complayne

Loued not lounyng.

That is as ye say but not as I suppose  
For as the treuth is, which your selfe myght se  
By reasons that I coulde and wolde dysclose  
Saying that I see such parcalyte  
On your parte, that we shall neuer agre  
Unlesse ye wyll admyt some man indyfferent  
Indyfferently to heare vs, and so gyue iudgement.

Agred,



**Louer not loued:** I gred, for though the knowledge of all my payne

Calen my payne no whyt yet shall it declare

Great cause of abasement in you to complayne

In counterfet paynes with my payne to compare

But here is no iudge mete, we must seke elles where

**Louyd not louyng:** I holde me content the same to condyscende

Please it you to set forth and I shall attend.

Here they go both out and the louer be-

louyd entreth with a songe.

**Louer belouyd:** By comen experyence who can deny

Impossibylte for man to showe

His inward entent, but by sygnes outwardly

As wytyng, speche, or countenance, wherby doth growe

Outwarde perceyvinge inwardly to knowe

Of euery secrecy in mans brest wrought

From man vnto man the effecte of eche thought

These thynges well weyd in many thynges shewe nede

In our outwarde sygnes to shewe vs so that playne

Accordyng to our thoughtes/wordes and sygnes procede

For in outwarde sygnes where men are sene to fayne

What credence in man to man may remayne

Mans inward mynde with outward sygnes to fable

May sone be more comen than comendable.

Much are we louers then to be commendyd

For loue his apparence dyssembleth in no wyse

But as the harte felyth lyke sygnes alway pretendyd

Who fayne in apparence are loues mortall enmyes

As in dyspayr of speede who that can myght deuyle

Or hauyng graunt of grace can shewe them as moyners

Such be no louers but eyn very skorners.

The true louers harte that can not obteyne

Is so tormentyd that all the body

Is euermore so compelde to complayne

That soner may the sufferer hyde the fury

Of a feruent feuer, then of that malady

By any power humayne he possyble may

Hyde the lesse payne of a thousande I dare say.

And he who in louyng hath lot to suche lucke.

That loue for loue of his loue be founde

Shalbe of power eyn as easely to plucke

Themone in a momet with a synger to grounde

B. i. As of



As of his ioy to enclose the rebounde  
But that the refleccion therof from his harte  
To his beholders shall shyne in eche parte

Thus be a louer in ioy oꝛ in care  
All though wyl and wyt his estate wolde hyde  
yet shall his semblaunce as a dyale declare  
Howe the clocke goeth which may be well applyed  
In abygement of circumstaunce foꝛ a guyed  
To leade you in fewe wordes by my byhauour  
To knowe me in grace of my ladyes fauour.

Foꝛ beynge a louer as I am in dede  
And therto dysposyd thus pleasauntly  
Is a playne apparence of my such spede  
As I in loue coulde wylsh and vndoubtedly  
My loue is requyted so louyngly  
That in euery thyng that may delyght my mynde.  
My wyt can not wylsh it so well as I fynde

which thyng at full consydered, I suppose  
That all the whole worlde must agree in one voyce  
I beynge beloued as I nowe dysclose  
Of one beynge chese of all the hole choyce  
Must haue incomparable cause to reioyce  
Foꝛ the hyst pleasure that man may obtayne  
Is to be a louer beloued agayne

Another louer noꝛ loued entreth

No louer noꝛ loued. Howe god you good eyn mayster woodcock

Louer loued. Cometh of rudenesse oꝛ lewdenesse that mock

No louer noꝛ loued. Come wherof it shall ye come of such stock

That god you good eyn mayster woodcock.

Louer loued. This losell by lyke hath lost his wyt

No louer noꝛ loued. Nay nay mayster woodcock not a whyt

I haue knowen you foꝛ a woodcock oꝛ this

Oꝛ els lyke a woodcock I take you a mys

But though foꝛ a woodcock ye deny the same

yet shall your wyt wytnes you mete foꝛ that name.

Louer loued. Howe soꝛ

No louer noꝛ loued. Thus lo.

I do perceyue by your foꝛmate proces.

That ye be a louer wherto ye confes

your selfe beloued in as louyng wyse

As by wyt and wyl ye can wylsh to deuple

Conclu-



Concluding therein determinately  
 That of all pleasures pleasant to the body  
 The best pleasure that man may obtayne  
 Is to be a lover beloued agayne  
 In which conclusyon before all this flock  
 I shall proue you playne as wyse as a woodcock  
 Louer loued. And me thynke this woodcock is found on thy syde  
 Contrary to curtsy and reason to vse  
 Thus rudely to rayle of any wo:de be tresp  
 In proue of thy parte, whereby I do refuse  
 To answere the same, thou canst not excuse  
 Thy folly in this, but if thou wylt say nought  
 Assay to say better for this sayng is nought  
 No louer nor loued. Well syne it is so that ye be dyscontent  
 To be called sole or further matter be spent  
 Wyl ye gyue me leave to call ye sole anone  
 When your selfe perceyue that I haue proued you one  
 Louer loued. ye by my soule and wyl take it in good worth  
 No louer nor loued. Now by my fathers soule then wyl we curn forth  
 That parte rehearsed of your sayng of this  
 Of all our debate the onely cause is  
 For where ye afore haue fastly affirmed  
 That such as be lovers agayne beloued  
 Stande in most pleasure that to man may moue  
 That tale to be false truthe shal truely proue  
 Louer loued. What folke aboue those lye more pleasantly  
 No louer nor loued. What folke may curn such folke as am I  
 Louer loued. Being no louer what man may ye be  
 No louer nor loued. No louer no by god I warraunt ye  
 I am no louer in such maner ment  
 As doth appere in this purpose present  
 For as touchyng women go where I shal  
 I am at one point with women all.  
 The smoothest the finest the smallest  
 The truest / the truest / the tallest  
 The wyldest / the wyldest / the wyldest  
 The meriest / the meriest / the meriest  
 The strangest / the strangest / the strongest  
 The lustiest / the lustiest / the longest  
 The rasiest / the rasiest / the roundest  
 The sagest / the sagest / the soundest  
 The coldest / the coldest / the coldest  
 The boldest / the boldest / the boldest  
 The thickest / the thickest / the thickest  
 The thinnest / the thinnest / the thinnest  
 Take these with all the reste and of euerychone  
 B. it. So go



So god be my helpe I loue neuer one.

Louer loued.

Then I beseeche the this one thyng tell me  
Howe many women thynkest thou doth loue the

No louer no: loued.

Syr as I be saued by ought I can proue  
I am beloued eyn lyke as I loue

Louer loued.

Then as appereth by those wordes reherced  
Thou art nother louer no: beloued

No louer no: loued.

Nother louer no: beloued that is euen true

Louer loued.

Syns that is true I merueyll what can ensue  
For proue of thy parte in that thou madest auant  
Of both our estates to proue thyne most plesaunt

No louer no: loued.

My parte for most plesaunt may sone be gest  
By my contynuall quyeted rest

Louer loued.

Beyng no louer who may quyet be?

No louer no: loued.

Nay beyng a louer what man is he  
That is quyet

Louer loued.

Mary I

No louer no: loued.

Mary ye lye

Louer loued.

what payens my frende ye are to hasty  
If ye wyl patiently marke what I shall say  
your selfe shall perceyue me in quyet alway

No louer no: loued.

Say what thou wyl and I therin protest  
To beleue no worde thou sayst most no: lest

Louer loued.

Than we twayne shall talke both in bayne I see  
Except our mater awarded may be  
By iudgement of some indifferent herer

No louer no: loued.

Mary go thou and be an inquerer  
And if thou canst byng one any thyng lykly  
He shalbe admytted for my parte quykly

Louer loued.

Howe by the good god I graunt to agree  
For be thou asswred it scorneth me  
That thou shuldest compare in pleasure to be  
Lyke me, and surely I promyse the  
One way or other I wyl fynde redres

No louer no: loued.

Fynde the best and next way thy wyl can ges  
And except your nobs for malous do nede ye  
Make byse returne a felyshyp spede ye.

The louer loued goth out.

No louer no: loued.

My merueyll is no more then my care is small  
what knaue this foole shall byng beyng not perciall  
And yet be he false and a folysh knaue to  
So that it be not to much a do  
To byng a daw to here and speke ryght  
I forse for no man the worth of a myte  
And syns my doubt is so small in good spede

what



What shulde my studye be more then my mede  
Tyll tyme I perceyue this woodcock commyng  
My parte hereof shulde pas eyn in mummyng  
Saying for pastyme thus I consyder  
He being a lover and all his mater  
To depende on loue and contrary I  
No lover, by which all such standyng by  
As fauour my parte, may feare me to wepke  
Agaynst the lounyng of this lover to speke  
I shall for your confort declare suche a story  
As shall perfectly plant in your memory  
That I haue knowledge in louers laws  
As depe as some dosyn of those dotyng dawes  
Which tolde all ye whole fancies styck nere me  
Shall knowe it causeles in this case to feare me  
For though as I shewe I am no lover now  
Nor neuer haue ben yet shall I shewe you  
How that I ones chaunced to take in hande  
To sayne my selfe a lover ye shall vnderstande  
Towarde such a swetyng as by swete sent sauour  
I knowe not the lyke in fashyon and fauour  
And to begyn  
At setting in  
First was her skyn  
Whyt smoth & thyn  
And euery bayne  
So blew sene playne  
Her golden heare  
To see her weare  
Her weryng gere  
Alas I fere  
To tell all to you  
I shall vndo you  
Her eye so rollyng  
Ech hart cōtrollyng  
Her nose not long  
Nor stode not wrong  
Her fynger typps  
So clene the clypps  
Her rosy lyps  
Her chekes gossyp  
So fayre so ruddy  
It areth studdy  
The hole to tell  
It dyd excell  
It was so made  
B. iii. That



That euery the shapen  
 At euery glade  
 wolde hartes invade  
 The paps so small  
 And rounde with all  
 The wast not myckyll  
 But it was tyckyll  
 The thygh the knye  
 As they holde be  
 But such a leg  
 A louer wolde beg  
 To set eye on  
 But it is gon  
 Then syght of the fote  
 Kyst hartes to the rote  
 And last of all sent katheryns whele  
 was neuer so rounde as was her hele  
 Alawt her harte and who coulde wyne it  
 As for her hele no holde in it  
 yet ouer that her beauty was so muche  
 In pleasaunt qualytes her graces were such  
 For dalyaunt pastaunce pas where she sholde  
 No greater dyfference betwene lede and golde  
 Then betwene the rest and her, and such a wyte  
 That no wyght I wene myght matche her in it  
 If she had not wyte to set wyse men to scole  
 Then shall my tale proue me a starke fole  
 But in this matter to make you mete to ges  
 ye shall vnderstand that I with this maystres  
 Iyll late acquaynted and for loue no whyte  
 But for my pleasure to approue my wyte  
 Howe I coulde loue to this trycker dyssemble  
 who in dyssembleyng was perfyt and nymble  
 For where or whan she lyst to gyue a mock  
 She coulde and wolde do it beyonde the nock  
 wherin I thought that if I trysed her  
 I shulde therby lyke my wyte the better  
 And if she chaunced to tryp or tryle me  
 It sholde to learne wyte a good lesson be  
 Thus for my past tyme I dyd determyn  
 To mock or be mockt of this mockyng berymyn  
 For which herpresens I dyd fyrst obtayne  
 And that obtayned forthwith fell we twayne  
 In great acquayntaunce and made as good chere  
 As we had ben acquaynted twenty yere  
 And I throughe fayre flatteryng behauour

Semyd



Seemed anone so depe in her fauour  
 That though the tyme then so farre passed was  
 That tyme requyred vs asonder to pas  
 yet could I no passport get of my swettyng  
 Till I was full woed for the next dayes metyng  
 For seyrans wherof I muste as she bad  
 Gyue her in gage best iuell I there had  
 And after mych myth as our wyttes coulde deuylse  
 we parted and I the nexte morne dyd arylse  
 In tyme not to tymeely suche tyme as I coulde  
 I alowe no loue where slepe is not alowde  
 I was o: I entred this iorney bowd  
 Deckt very clenly but not very prowde  
 But trym must I be, for slouenly lobeys  
 Haue ye wot well no place amonge louers  
 But I thus deckt at all poyntes poynt deuylce  
 At doze were this trull was I was at a tryce  
 wherat I knocked her pzelens to wyn  
 wherwith it was opened and I was let yn  
 And at my fyrste commyng my mynyon seemed  
 Verry mery, but anone she mysdemed  
 That I was not meryly dysposed  
 And so myght she thynke, for I disclosed  
 No worde nor loke, but such as shewed as sadly  
 As I in dede inwardly thought madly  
 And so must I shewe for louers be in rate  
 Somtymes mery but most tymes passionate  
 In geuyng thanks to her of ouer nyght  
 we set vs downe an heuy couple in syght  
 And therwithall I fet a sygh such one  
 As made the forme shake which we both sat on  
 wherupon she without more wordes spoken  
 Fell in wepyng as her harte shulde haue broken  
 And I in secret laughyng so hartely  
 That from myne eyes cam water plenteously  
 Anone I turned with loke sadly that she  
 My wepyng as watery as hers myght se  
 which done these wordes anone to me she spake  
 Alas dere harte what wyght myght vndertake  
 To shewe one so sad as you this moynyng  
 Beyng so mery as you last euenyng  
 I so farre then the merper for you  
 And without desert thus farre the sadder now.  
 The selfe thyng quoth I which made me then gladde  
 The selfe same is thyng that maketh me nowe sadde  
 The loue that I owe you is origynale

Grounde



Grounde of my late ioy and present payne all  
And by this meane, loue is euermore lad  
Betwene two angels one good and one bad  
Hope and drede which two be alway at stryfe  
Which one of them both with loue shall rewele most ryfe  
And hope that good angell fyrst parte of last nyght  
Draue drede that bad angell out of place quyght  
Hope sware I sholde streyght haue your loue at ones  
And drede this bad angell sware bloud and bones  
That if I wan your loue all in one howre  
I sholde lose it all agayne in thre or foure  
Wherin this good angell hath lost the mastery  
And I by this bad angell won this agony  
And be ye sewer I stande nowe in such case  
That if I lacke your contynued grace  
In heuyn/hell/or perth / there is not that he  
Sawe onely god that knoweth what shall come on me  
I loue not in rate all the common flock  
I am no fayner nor I can not mock  
Wherfore I beseeche you that your rewarde  
Shall wptnesse that ye do my truthe regarde  
As touchyng mockyng quoth she I am sewer  
Ye be to wyse to put that here in byre  
For nother gyue I cause why ye so shulde do  
Nor nought coulde ye wyne that way wurt an old sho  
For who so that mocketh shall surely stur  
This olde prouerbe mockum moccabitur  
But as for you I thynke my selfe allewred  
That very loue hath you byther allewred  
For which quoth she let hope hop vp agayne  
And baynquysh dred so that it be in bayne  
To dred or to doubt but I in euery thyng  
As cause gyueth cause wylbe your owne derlyng  
Swete harte quoth I after stormy colde smertes  
Warm wordes i warm louers byng louers warm hartes  
And so haue your wordes warmed my harte eyn nowe  
That dyledes and doubtles now must I loue you  
Anone there was I loue you and I loue you  
Louely we louers loue eche other  
I loue you and I for loue loue you  
My louely louyng loued brother  
Loue me, loue the, loue we, loue he, loue she,  
Depper loue apparent in no twayne can be  
Dypte ouer the eares in loue and felt no ground  
Had not swymmyng holpe in loue I had byn dround  
But I swam by the shore the bauntage to kepe

To mock



of the

C. L. Comp



To my selfe I laughed eyn hattely  
 With my selfe consydering to haue had lyke spede  
 If my selfe had ben a louer in dede.  
 But nowe to make som matter wherby  
 I may take my leue of my loue honestly  
 Swete hart quoth I ye take to much vpon ye  
 No moze then becomes me knowe thou well quoth she  
 But thou hast takyn to much vpon the  
 In takyn that thou toke in hande to mock me  
 wherin from begynnynge I haue sene the ict  
 Lyke as a foole myght haue icttyd in a net  
 Beleupng hymselfe saue of hym selfe onely  
 To be perceyued of no lyupng body  
 But well saw I thynne entent at begynnynge  
 Was to bestow a mock on me at endynge  
 When thou laughedest dysymulynge a wepyng hart  
 Then I with wepyng eyes played eyn the lyke part  
 wherwith I brought in moccum moccabitur  
 And yet thou beyng a long snowted cur  
 Coude no whyt smell that all my meanyng was  
 To gyue mock for mock as now is come to pas  
 which now thus passed if thy wyt be handsome  
 May defende the from mockes in tyme to come  
 By clappynge fast to thy snowt euery day  
 Moccum moccabitur for a nosegay  
 wherwith she start vp and shyt her wyndowe to  
 which done I had no moze to say no do  
 But thynke my selfe of any man elles a foole  
 In mockes or wyles to set women to scoole  
 But howe to purpose wherfoze I began  
 All though I were made a fole by this woman  
 Concernynge mockynge yet both this tale approue  
 That I am well sene in the arte of loue  
 For I entendynge no loue but to mock  
 yet coude no louer of all the hole flock  
 Circumstaunce of loue dysclose moze no better  
 Then dyd I the substantie beyng no greater  
 And by this tale afoze ye all may see  
 All though a louer as well loued be  
 As loue can deuyse hym for pleasaunt spede  
 yet two dyspleasures telousy and dyede  
 Is myght with loue wherby loue is a dysnk mete  
 To gyue babes for wormes for it dysnkth bytter swete  
 And as for this babe our louer in whose hed  
 By a frantyk womme his opynion is bred  
 After one draught of this medlyn mynystred

In to



In to his bryne by my bryne apoyntyd  
 Reason shall so temper his opinion  
 That he shall see it not worth an onyon  
 And if he haue any other thyng to say  
 I haue to conuynce hym every way  
 And syns my parte nowe doth thus well appere  
 Bepe my parteners now all of good chere  
 But silence every man vpon a payne  
 For master woodcock is nowe come agayne.  
 The louer loued entreth  
 The olde sayng seyth he that seketh shall fynde  
 Which after long sekynge true haue I founde  
 But for suche a fyndynge my selfe to bynde  
 To such a sekynge as I was now bounde  
 I wolde rather seke to lesse twenty punde  
 Howe be it I haue sought so farre to my payne  
 That at the last I haue founde and brought thwayne  
 The louer not loued, and loued  
 The hot lounge entreth.  
 No louer nor loued. Come they a horse backe  
 Louer loued. Nay they come a fote  
 Which thou myght see here, but for this great myst  
 No louer nor loued. By vs and yet see I thou blynde balde cote  
 That one of those thwayne myght ryde if he lyst  
 Louer loued. How much I would I might  
 No louer nor loued. Mary for he ledyth a nag on his his fyst  
 Marys peate welcome, and welcome ye be  
 Loued not lounge. Nay welcome be ye, for we were here before ye  
 No louer nor loued. ye haue ben here before me before now  
 And nowe I am here before you  
 And nowe I am here behynde ye  
 And nowe ye be here behynde me  
 And nowe we be here eyn both to gether  
 And nowe be we welcome eyn both hyther  
 Syns nowe ye fynde me here with curtsy I may  
 Byd you welcome hyther as I may say  
 But lettynge this asyde, let vs set a broche  
 The mater wherfore ye hyther appoche  
 Wherin I haue hope that ye both will be  
 Good unto me, and especyally ye  
 For I haue a mynde that every good face  
 Hath euer some pyte of a poore mans case  
 Beynge as myne is a mater so ryght  
 That a fole may iudge it ryght at fyrst syght  
 Louer not loued. Syr ye may well doubt howe my wyll wyll serue  
 But my wyll from ryght shall neuer swarue



**Loued not loupng.** No myne, and as ye sew for helpe to me  
 Lyke sewt haue I to sewe for helpe to ye  
 For as much nede haue I of helpe as yow  
**No louer no: loued.** I thynke well that bere hart but tell me how  
**Loued not loupng.** The case is this, ye twayn seme in pleasure  
 And we twayn in payne which payne doth procure  
 By comparyson betwene hym and me  
 As great a conlyct which of vs twayn be  
 In greatest payne, as is betwene ye twayne  
 whiche of you twayne in most pleasure doth remayne  
 wherin we somewhat haue here debated  
 And both to tell trueth so gredely grated  
 Upon affection eche to our owne syde  
 That in conclusion we must nedes prouyde  
 Some such as wolde and coulde be indyfferent  
 And we both to stande vnto that iudgement  
 wherupon for lacke of a iudge in this place  
 we sought many places and yet in this case  
 No man coulde we mete that medyll wyll or can  
 Tyll tyme that we met with this gentylman  
 whome in lyke errand for lyke lacke of ayd  
 was dyuen to desyre our iudgement he sayd  
**Louer loued** Forsooth it is so I promysynge playne  
 They twayn betwene vs twayn geuyng iudgemēt playne  
 we twayn betwene them twayn shuld iudge ryght agayne  
**No louer no: loued.** That promysse to performe I not dysdayne  
 For touchyng ryght as I am a ryghteous man  
 I wyll gyue you as muche ryght as I can  
**Loued not loupng.** Nothynge but ryght desyre I you among  
 I wyllyngly wyll nother gyue no: take wronge  
**No louer no: loued.** Nay in my conscyens I thynke by this boke  
 your conscyens wyll take nothynge that cometh a croke  
 For as in conscyens what euer ye do  
 ye nothynge do but as ye wolde be done to  
 O hope of good ende, o Mary mother  
 Maystres one of vs may nowe helpe a nother  
 But sye I pray you some mater declare  
 wherby I may knowe in what grefe ye arre  
**Louer not loued.** I am a louer not loued which playne  
 Is dayly not dolefull but my dedly payne  
**No louer no: loued.** A louer not loued haue ye knyght that knot  
**Louer not loued.** ye forsooth  
**No louer no: loued.** Forsooth ye be the more sot  
 Nowe maystres I hartely besech ye  
 Tell me what maner case your case may be  
**Loued not loupng.** I am beloued not loupng wherby  
 I am not in payne but in tormentry



No louer no: loued.  
Loued not loupng.

No louer no: loued.  
As this your tormentour god turne hym to good  
Say there is another man one me as wood  
As this man on a nother woman is  
ye thynke them both mad and so do I by iys

No louer no: loued.  
So mot I thynke but who that lyst to marke  
shall perceyue here a praty peyce of warke  
Let vs fall somewhat in these pannes to skannynge

Louyng not loued, loued not loupng  
Loued and loupng, not loupng no: loued  
wyl ye see these foure pannes well ioynd

Loupng not loued, and loued not loupng  
Those pannes can ioyne in no maner rekenyng  
Loupng and loued, loued no: louer

These pannes in ioyning in lyke wyse dyffer  
But in that ye loue ye twayne ioynd be  
And beyng not loued ye ioyne with me

And beyng no louer with me ioyne the  
And beyng beloued with her ioyne ye  
Had I a ioyner with me ioynd ioyntly

we ioyners shulde ioyne ioynt to ioynt quykly  
For fyrst I wolde parte these pannes in fleshes  
And ones departed these parted pannes

Parte and parte with parte I wolde so partlyke parte  
That eche parte shulde parte with quyet harte  
By syns it passeth your power that part to play

Louer not loued.  
Let passe, and let vs partly nowe assay  
To bynge some parte of that purpose to ende

Loued not loupng.  
For which all parties yet in vayne attende  
I do desyre the same and that we twayne  
Say fyrst be harde that I may knowe my payne

Louer loued.  
I graunt for my parte by fayth of my body  
why where the deuyl is this horsen nody  
I neuer syt in iustyce but euer more

No louer no: loued.  
I vse to be shryuen a lyttell before  
And nowe syns that my confessyon is done  
I wyl depart and come take penaunce sone

When conspens prycketh conspens must be sercht by god  
In dyscharyng of conspens or els gods forbod  
which maketh me mete when conspens must come in place  
To be a iudge in euery comen case

But who may lyke me his auaunsement auaunt  
Nowe am I a iudge and neuer was sertaine  
which ye regarde not much by ought that I see  
By any reuerence that ye do to me

Say yet I prayse women when great men go by  
They crouch to the ground loken here how they ly

C. iii. They



They shall haue a beck by saynt Antony  
 But alas good maystres I crie you mercy  
 That you are bnanfwered but ye may see  
 Though two tales at ones by two eares hard may be  
 yet can not one mouth two tales at ones answer  
 which maketh you tary but in your mater  
 Syns ye by hast in haupng ferdest home  
 wolde fyrst be sped of that for which ye come  
 I graunt as he graunted your wyl to fulfyll  
 you twayne to be harde fyrst, begyn when you wyl  
**Louer not loued.** As these twayne vs tweyn now graunt fyrst to bryke  
 Syns twayn to be harde, at ones can not speke  
 I now desyre your graunt, that I may open  
 fyrst tale which now is at poynt to be spoken  
 which I craue no whyt my parte to auauunce  
 But with the pyth to auoyde circumstaunce  
**Loued not loupng.** Speke what and whan so euer it please you  
**Louer not loued.** I'll reason wyl me, I wyl not dyssease you  
 Syns other here is a very wepke bryayne  
 O she hath if any a very wepke payne  
 For I put case that my loue I her gaue  
 And that for my loue, her loue I dyd craue  
 For which though I dayly few day by day  
 what losse or payne to her if she say nay  
**No loue no: loued.** yes by saynt Mary so the case may stande  
 That some woman had leuer take in hande  
 To ryde on your errand on hundreth myle  
 Then to say nay one Vater noster whyle  
**Louer not loued.** If ye on her parte any payne desyre  
**No loue no: loued.** which is the more paynefull her payne or myne  
 your payne is most if she say nay and take it  
 But if that she say nay and forsake it  
**Loued not loupng.** Then is her payne a great way the greater  
 Syns ye alledge this nay in this mater  
 As though my denyal my sewter to loue  
 where all or the most payne that to me doth moue  
 wherein the treuth is a contrary playne  
 For though to ofte spekyng one thyng be a payne  
 yet is that one worde the full of my hoppng  
 To byng his hoppng to dyspayre at endyng  
 Thus is this nay which ye take my most grefe  
 Though it be paynefull yet my most relefe  
 But my most payne is all an other thyng  
 which though ye forget or hyde by dyslymplyng  
 I partely shewed you, but all I coulde no: can  
 But maysters to you with payne of this man

That



That payne that I compare is partely this  
 I am loued of one whome the treuth is  
 I cannot loue, and so it is with me  
 That from hym in maner I neuer can flet  
 And every one wote in fect of his parte  
 Appes through myne eares and cons through my harte  
 His gaffull loke so pale that baneth I  
 Ware for myne eares cast towarde hym an eye  
 And whan I do that eye my thought presentyth  
 Streight to my harte and thus my payne augmentyth  
 One tale so ofte alas and so impoxtune  
 His exclamacions somtyme on fortune  
 Somtyme on hym selfe some tyme vpon me  
 And for that thyng that if my deth sholde be  
 Brought streight in place except I were content  
 To graunt the same, yet coulde I not assent  
 And he seying this yet feastyth not to craue  
 What deth coulde be worse then this lyfe that I haue  
**Louer not loued.** This tale to purpose purporteth no more  
 But syght and hearpyng complaynt of his toye  
 Is onely the grete that ye do susteyne  
 Alas tender harte syng ye dye in payne  
 This payne to perceue by syght and hearpyng  
 Howe coulde you lye to knowe our payne by felyng  
 Marke well this question and answer as ye can  
 A man that is hanged or that mans hangman  
 Which man of those twayne suffereth most payne  
**Loued not louyng.** He that is hanged  
**No louer nor loued.** By the masse it is so playne  
**Louer not loued.** Well sayd for me, for I am the sufferer  
 And ye the hangman vnderstande as it were  
 These cases bary in no matter a thyng  
 Sauyng this serues in this mannes hangyng  
 Comenly is done agaynst the hangmans wyll  
 And ye be delighfull wyll, your louer kyl  
**Loued not louyng.** Of delighfull wyll, nay that is not so  
 As ye shall perfectly perceue or we go  
 But of those at whose hangyng haue hangmen by  
 How many haue ye knowen hang wylllyngly  
**No louer nor loued.** As neuer one in his lyfe by lady  
**Loued not louyng.** In this is your case from our case doth bary  
 For he that loue where loue wyll take no place  
 Your owne wyll is your owne leder a playne case  
 And not onely vncompelled without aledyng  
 But fore agaynst her wyll your selfe pende  
 Howe syng your wyll to loue dyd you procure

And



And with that wyll, ye put that loue in bye  
And now that wyll, by wytt seth loue such payne  
As wytt wyll wolde wyll loue to refrayne  
And ye by wyll that loue in eche condicion  
To extyng, may be your owne phelicion  
Except ye be a foole or wolde make me one  
What seyng could set a good ground to syt on  
To make any man thynke your payne thus strong  
Makyng your owne saluie your owne soze thus long

Louer not loupd.

Maystres much parte of this proces purposed  
Is matter of truth truely dysclosed

My wyll without her wyll brought me in loue  
Which wyll without her wyll doth make me houe  
Upon her grace to see what grace wyll proue  
But where ye say my wyll may me remoue  
As wel from her loue, as wyll brought me to it  
That is false my wyll can not wyll to do it  
My wyll as farre therin out weyth my power

Loued not loupng. As a sow of led out weyth a safone flowre  
your wyl out weyth your power the where is your wylt

I merueyll that euer ye wyll speke it

Louer loued. Nay merueyll ye maystres therat no whyt  
For as farre as this poynt may stretch in verdyt  
I am clerely of this mans opinion

No loue no: loued. And I contrary with this mynion

Louer loued. Then be we come to a demurrer in lawe

No loue no: loued. Then be ye come from a woodcock to a daw

And by god it is no small connyng brother  
For me to turne one wylde foole to a nother

Louer not loued. Nay maysters I hartely pray you both

Banyshe contencion tyll ye see howe this goth

I wyll repet and answer her tale forthwith

The pyth for your part wherof pretendyth

A prose for your payne to be more then myne

In that my wyll not onely dyd me enclyne

To the same, but in the same by the same wyll

I wyllngly wyll to contynue styll

And as wyll brought me and kepeth in this bey

when I wyll ye say, wyll wyll byng me awey

Concludyng therby that if my payne were

As great as yours that I sholde suerly bete

As great and good wyll to flee my loue thus ment

As do ye your sewters presens to absent

Loued not loupng. This tale sheweth my tale perseyued euery dell

Louer not loued. Then for entre to answer it as well

Answer this put case ye as depely nowe,



**Loued not louyng.** Byd loue your louer as he doth loue you  
Shulde not that louyng suppose ye redies  
That payne whiche lack of louyng doth posses

**Louer not loued.** Syns loue gynneth to hyme gyueth your selfe ease, than  
Except ye loue payne, why loue ye not this man  
**Loued not louyng.** Lone hym nay as I sayd must I streyght chose

To loue hym or els my hed here to lose  
I knowe well I coulde not my lyfe to saue  
With louyng wyll graunt hym my loue to haue  
**Louer not loued.** I thynke ye speke truly for wyll wyll not be

Forced in loue wherfore the same to ye  
Syns this is to you such dyspulte  
Why not a thynge as dyspulte to me  
To wyll the let of loue where wyll my loue hath set  
As you to wyll to let loue where wyll is your let  
**Loued not louyng.** well sayd and put case it as harde now be

For you to wyll to leue her, as for me  
To loue hym, yet haue ye aboue me a meane  
To learne you at length to wyll to leue loue cleane  
Whiche meane many thousandes of louers hath brought  
From ryght feruent louyng to loue ryght nought  
Whiche long and oft approued meane is absens  
Wherto when ye wyll ye may haue lycens  
Whiche I craue and wythe and can not obtayne  
For he wyll neuer my presens restryne

**Louer not loued.** This is a medsyn lyke as ye wolde wyll me  
For thynge to keue me the thynge that wolde kyll me  
For presens of her, though I selde whan may haue  
Is sooble the medsyn that my lyfe doth saue  
Her absens can I with as yll wyll wyll  
As I can wyll to leue to loue her styll

Thus is this wyll brought in insydently  
So arde in your purpose worth taylor of a fly  
And as concernyng our pryncypall mater  
All that ye lay may be layd euen a water  
I wonder that shame suffereth you to compare  
With my payne, syns ye are dyuen to declare  
That all your payne is but syght and hearyng  
Of hym that as I do dyeth in payne felyng  
O payne vpon payne what paynes I sustayne  
No crafte of the deuyl can expresse all my payne  
In this body no lyn/loyn/lenow/noz beyne/  
But martreth eche other, and this byayne  
These enemy of all by the inuentyng  
Myne busaunty set to her dyscontentyng



My speakyng, my hearpyng, my lokyng, my thynkyng  
 In lpytting, in standyng, in wakyng, oꝝ wpynyng,  
 What euer I do, oꝝ where euer I go  
 My bꝛayne and myshap in all these do me wo  
 As foꝝ my senses eche one of all fyue  
 Wondꝛeth as it can to fele it selfe a lyue  
 And than hath loue gotten all in one bed  
 Hym selfe and his seruauntes to lodge in this hed  
 Wayne hope, dyspayre, dꝛede, and audacite,  
 Hast, wast, lust without lpykyng oꝝ lybette  
 Dilgencce, humylte, trust, and ielously,  
 Delyre, pacyent sufferauce, and constansy,  
 These with other in this hed lyke swarmes of bees  
 Styng in debatpyng theyꝝ contraryetees  
 The benym wherof from this hed dysstylleth  
 Downe to this bꝛest and this hart it kylleth  
 All tymes in all places of this body  
 By this dystemperaunce thus dystempored am I  
 Sheueryng in colde and yet in hete I dye  
 Dꝛowned in moysture parched parchment dye  
**No louer noꝝ loued.** Colde hote moſte dye all in all places at ones  
 May syꝝ this is an age wꝝ the nones  
 But oꝝ we gyue iudgement I must serch to bew  
 Whether this eydens be false oꝝ trew  
 Nay stande styll your part shall pꝛoue neuer the wars  
 To by saynt sauour here is a whot ars  
 Let me fele your nose, nay fere not man be bolde  
 Well though this ars be warme and this nose colde  
 Yet these twayne by attorney brought in one place  
 Are as he seyth colde and whot both in lyke case  
 O what payne dꝛought is see how his dꝛy lyps  
 Smake foꝝ moꝝe moyster of his warme moyst hyppes  
 Bꝛeath out, these eyes are dull but this nose is quycker  
 Here is moſt moyster, your bꝛeath smelleth of lycker  
**Loued not louyng.** Well syꝝ ye haue opened in this tale tellyng  
 The full of your payne foꝝ spede to endyng  
 I shall in fewe woꝝdes such one question dysclose  
 As if your answere gyue cause to suppose  
 The hole of the same to be answered at full  
 We nede no iudgement foꝝ yelde my selfe I wull  
 Put case this man loued a woman such one  
 Who were in his lpykyng the thyng alone  
 And that his loue to her were not so myckyll  
 But her fancy towarde hym were as lpyttyll  
 And that she hyd her selfe so day and nyght  
 That felde tyme whan he myght come in her syght

And



And then put case that one to you loue dyd here  
 A woman that other so vgly were  
 That eche kys of her mouth called you to gybbes fell  
 Or that your fancy abhorred her so at lest  
 That her presens were as swete to suppose  
 As one shulde present  
**No louer no: loued.** And to be to his nose  
**Loued not loupng.** Ipe in good fayth, wherto the case is this  
 That her spyttfull presens absent neuer is  
 Of these two cases if chaunce shulde dryue you  
 To chose one, which wolde ye chuse tell trouth now  
 what ye study  
**No louer no: loued.** Tary ye be to gredy  
 Men be not lyke women alway redy  
**Louer not loued.** In good soth to tell treuth of these cases twayne  
 which case is the wurst is to me vncertayne  
**Loued not loupng.** Fyrst case of these twayne I put for your parte  
 And by the last case apereth myne owne smarte  
 If they proced with this fyrst case of ours  
 Then is our mater vndoubtedly yours  
 And if iudgement passe with this last case in fyne  
 Then is the mater alewredly myne  
 Syns by these cases our partes so do seme  
 That which is most paynefull your selfe can not deme.  
 If ye nowe wyll all circumstaunce eschew  
 Make this question in these cases our yslew  
 And the payne of these men to abreyuate  
 Set all our other mater as frustrate  
**Louer not loued.** Agreed  
**Loued not loupng.** Then further to abrydge your payne  
 Syns this our yslew apereth thus playne  
 As folke not doubtyng your consciens no: connyng  
 we shall in the same let passe all resonyng  
 yeldyng to your iudgement the hole of my parte  
**Louer not loued.** And I lykewyse myne with wyll and good harte  
**No louer no: loued.** So lo make you low curtsy to me now  
 And streyght I wyll make as lowe curtsy to you  
 Nay stande ye here the bpper ende I pray ye  
 For the nether ende is good ynough for me  
 your cases which enclude your grete eche whyt  
 Shall dwell in this hed  
**Louer loued.** And in myne but yet  
 Or that we herein our iudgement publysh  
 I shall desyre you that we twayne may synpsh  
 As farre in our mater towarde iudgement  
 As ye haue done in yours to the entent



No louer no; loued  
Loued not louyng.  
Louer not loued.  
Louer loued.  
No louer no; loued.

Louer loued.

No louer no; loued.

Louer loued.

No louer no; loued.

Louer loued.

No louer no; loued.

That we our partes brought to gether thither  
May come to iudgement fro thens to gyther  
By; lady sy; and I desyre the same

I wolde ye began

Begyn then in goddes name

Shall I begyn

Syns I loke but fo; wyynyng

Gyue me the ende and take you the begynnyng

who shall wyne the ende, the ende at ende shall try

fo; my parte wherof nowe thus begyn I

I am as I sayd a beloued louer

And he no louer no; beloued nother

In which two cases he maketh his awaunt

Of both our partes to proue his most pleasaunt

But be ye assuered by ought I pet se

In his estate no maner pleasure can be

yes two maner pleasures ye must nedes confes

Fyrst I haue the pleasure of quyetnes

And the secounde is I am contented

That seconde pleasure now secondly inuented

To compare with pleasure by contentashyon

Is a very seconde ymagynashyon

Then shewe your wyt fo; proue of this in hande

Howe may pleasure without contentacyon stande

Pleasure without contentacyon can not be

But contentacyon without pleasure we se

In thynges innumerable euery day

Of all which marke these which I shall nowe ley

Put case that I fo; pleasure of some frende

O; some thyng which I longed to se at ende

wolde be content to ryde thre score myle this nyght

And neuer wolde bayte no; neuer alyght

I myght be ryght well content to do this

And yet in this doynge no pleasure there is

Moreouer ye by payent sufferance

May be contented with any myschaunce

The losse of your chylde frende o; any thyng

That in this worlde to you can be longyng

wherin ye contented neuer so well

pet is your contentacyon pleasure no dell

These two exsamples by ought that I se

Be no thyng the thynges that any thyng touch me

with deth of my chylde my beyng contented

O; payne with my frende wyllyngly assented

Is not contentacyon voluntary

fo; that contentacyon cometh forceably

But



**Louer loued.**

But my contentacion standeth in such thyng  
As I wolde fynd wylhe if it went by wylhyng  
Syr be ye contented euen as ye tell  
yet your contentacyon can nother excell  
Nor be compared egall to myne estate  
For touchyng contentacyon I am in rate  
As byely contented to loue as ye se  
As ye to forbere loue can wylhe to be  
Had I no more to say in this argument  
But that I am as well as you content  
yet hath my parte nowe good approbacyon  
To match with yours euen by contentacyon  
But contentacion is not all the thyng  
That I for my loue haue in recompencyng  
Aboue contentacyon pleasures felyng  
Haue I so many, that no wyght luyng  
Can by any wyte or tonge the same repoyte  
O the pleasaunt pleasures in our resoyte  
After my beyng from her any whyther  
what pleasures haue we in commyng to gyther  
Eche tap on the grounde towarde me with her fote  
Doth bathe in delyght my very harte rote  
Euery twynke of her aluryng eye  
Reuyeth my spirites euen thorowoutly  
Eche worde of her mouth not a preparatyue  
But the ryght medycyne of preseruatyue  
we be so toconde and joyfully ioyned  
Her loue for my loue so currantly coynd  
That all pleasures yerthly the treuth to declare  
Are pleasures not able with ours to compare  
This mouth in maner receyueth no food  
Loue is the fedying that both this body good  
And this hed dyspyseth all these eyes wynkyng  
Longer then loue doth kepe this harte thynkyng  
To dreame on my swete harte, loue is my leader  
Loue is my lord, and loue is my leader  
Of all myne affayres in thought, worde, and dede,  
Loue is the Christs crosse that must be my spede  
By this I perceyue wel ye make rekenyng

**No louer nor loued.**

**Louer loued.**

**No louer nor loued.**

That loue is a goodly and a good thyng  
Loue good what yll in loue canst thou make apere  
yes I shal proue this loue at this tyme ment here  
In this mans case as yll as is the deuyll  
And in your case I shal proue loue more euill  
what tormentry coude all the deuylls in hell  
Deuyse to his payne that he doth not tell

**D.iii. wha**



what payne byngeth that body those deuyls in that hed  
 which mynysters alway by loue are led  
 He cryeth in fyre he drowneth in drought  
 Eche parte of his body loue hath brought about  
 where eche to helpe other shulde be dyligent  
 They murther eche other the man to torment  
 without stynt of rage his paynes be so sore  
 That no fende may torment man in hell more  
 And as in your case to proue that loue is  
 wurs than the deuyl my meanyng is this  
 Loue dystempereth hym by torment in payne  
 And loue dystempereth you as farre in toy playne  
 your owne confession declareth that ye  
 Eate, drynke, or slepe eyn as lyttell as he  
 And he that lacketh any one of those thre  
 Be it by toy or by payne clere ye see  
 Deth must be sequell howe euer it be  
 And thus are ye both brought by loues induccyon  
 By payne or by toy to lyke poynt of dystruccyon  
 which poynt aproueth loue in this case past  
 Beyond the deuyl in turmentry to haue a cast  
 For I trowe ye fynde not that the deuyl can fynde  
 To turment man in hell by any pleasaunt mynde  
 wherby as I sayd I say of loue styll  
 Of the deuyl and loue, loue is the more yll  
 And as begynnynge I may say to you  
 If god had sene as much as I say now  
 Loue had ben Lucifer and doubt ye no whyt  
 But experyens now hath taught god such wyte  
 That if ought come at Lucifer other then good  
 To whyp soules on the brych loue shalbe the blood  
 And sower he is one that can not lyue long  
 For aged folke ye wot well can not be strong  
 And an other thyng his phisic you doth ges  
 That he is infecte with the blak iawndes  
**Louer loued.** No fetther then ye be infecte with folye  
 For in all these wordes no worde can I espye  
 Such as for your parte any proue auoucheth  
**No louer no: loued.** For proue of my parte, no but it toucheth  
 The dysproue of yours for where you alledged  
 your parte aboue myne to be compared  
 By pleasures in which your dyspleasures are such  
 That ye eate, drynke, nor slepe, or at most not much  
 In lacke wherof my tale proueth playnly  
 Eche parte of your pleasure a turmentry  
 wherby your good loue I haue proued so euyl

That



That loue is appauntyng to us then the deuyll  
 And as touchyng my parte there can arysen no more  
 No maner dyspleasures nor tormentyes  
 In that I loue not, nor am not loued  
 I moue no dyspleasures nor none to me moued  
 But all dyspleasures of loue from me absent  
 By absent wherof I quietly content  
**Louer loued.** Sy; where ye sayd and thynke ye haue sayd wel  
 That my ioy by loue shall byng deth in sequell  
 In that by the same in maner I dysdayne  
 To de and slepe, this prouerbe answereth you playne  
 Loke not on the meat, but loke on the man  
 Howe loke ye on me and say what ye can  
**No louer nor loued** Say for a tyme loue may pusse by a thynge  
 But lackyng fode and slepe deth is the endyng  
**Louer loued** well sy; tyll such tyme as deth approue it  
 This part of your tale may slepe euery whyt  
 And where ye by absent dyspleasure wolde  
 Watch with my present pleasure ye seme more bolde  
 Then wyse, for those twayne be farre dyfferent sewer  
**No louer nor loued.** Is not absens of dyspleasure a pleasure  
**Louer loued.** yes in lyke rate as a post is pleased  
 which as by no meanes it can be dysleased  
 By dyspleasure present so is it trew  
 That no pleasure present in it can ensew  
 Pleasures or dyspleasures felyng sensyble  
 A post ye knowe well can not fele possyble  
 And as a post in this case I take you  
 Concernyng the effecte of pleasure in hande now  
 For any felyng ye in pleasure indure  
 Howe then ye say ye fele in dyspleasure  
**No louer nor loued.** Sy; though the effecte of your pleasure present  
 Be more pleasaunt then dyspleasure absent  
 yet howe compare ye with myne absent payne  
 By present dyspleasures in which ye remayne  
**Louer loued.** My present dyspleasures I knowe none such  
**No louer nor loued.** knowe ye no payne by loue ytell no; much  
**Louer loued.** No  
**No louer nor loued.** Then shall I shewe such a thynge in this purs  
 As shortly shall shewe heren your parte the wurs  
 Howe I pray god the deuyll in hell blynde me  
 By the masse I haue leste my boke behynde me  
 I beleche our loyde I neuer go hens  
 If I wolde not rather haue spent forty pence  
 But syne it is thus I must go fetch it  
 I wyll not tary, as sy the deuyll stretch it

Fare



Louer loued. Farewell dawrock  
 No louer no; loued. Farewell woodcock  
 Louer loued. He is gone  
 Loued not loupng. Gone ye but he wyl come agayne anone  
 Louer loued. Say this nyght he wyl no more dyssease you  
 Gyue iudgement hardely even whan it please you  
 which done syth he is gone my selfe streyght shall  
 Ryghtously betwene you gyue iudgement fynall  
 But loyde what a face this fole hath set here  
 Tyll shame defaced his fole so clere  
 That shame hath shamfully in syght of you all  
 with shame dyspuen hym hens to his shamefull fall  
 wherin all though I nought gayne by wynnynng  
 That ought may augment my pleasure in loupng  
 yet shall I wyn therby a pleasure to see  
 That ye all shall see the mater pas with me  
 what though the profyte may lyghtly be lodyn  
 It greneth a man to be ouer trodyn  
 Say whan I saw that his wynnynng must growe  
 By payne pretending in my parte to shewe  
 Then wyl I well the nody must cum  
 To do as he dyd or stande and play mum  
 No man/no woman/no chylde in this place  
 But I durst for iudgement trust in this case  
 All doubt of my payne by his profe by any meane  
 His connyng away hath nowe scrapt out cleane  
 wherfore gyue iudgement and I shall retorne  
 In place hereby where my vere hart doth sourne  
 And after salutation betwene vs had  
 Such as is mete to make louers hartes glade  
 I shall to reioyce her in mery tydynge  
 Declare the hole rable of this fooles lesynges

Here the byse cometh in connyng sodenly aboute  
 the place among the audyens with a hye co-  
 pynt tank on his hed full of squybs fyed  
 cryeng water/water/fyre fyre/fyre/wa-  
 ter / water / fyre / tyll the fyre in the  
 squybs be spent.

Louer loued. water and fyre  
 No louer no; loued. Say water for fyre I meane  
 Louer loued. well thanked be god it is out nowe cleane  
 Howe cam it there  
 No louer no; loued. By as I was goyng  
 To fet my boke for which was my departyng  
 There chaunced in my way a house hereby

To fyre



To hye which is burned piteously  
 But miserably the people be mone  
 And for a house they say a goodly one  
 In this house burned is  
 And how many of the people for helpe in this  
 Have the same thyng to have done some good  
 And as a wyndowe there as I stood  
 I thurst in my hed and supped at a bush  
 My face in my face and so toke my bush  
**Louer loved.** What house  
**No louer no: loved.** A house paynted with red oker  
**Louer loved.** The owner wherof they say is a broker  
**No louer no: loved.** Then byk hart alas why lyue I this day  
 My dere hart is destroyed lyfe and walth away  
**No louer no: loved.** What man lyt downe and be of good chere  
 Gods body mayster woodcock is gone clere  
 O mayster woodcock say: mot be fall ye  
 Of right mayster woodcock I must nowe call ye  
 Maystres stande you here afore and rubbe hym  
 And I wyll stande here behynde and dubbe hym  
 Nay the chyldre is a slepe ye nede not rock  
 Mayster woodcock mayster wood wood woodcock  
 Where folke be farre within a man must knock  
 Is not this a pang trow ye beyonde the nock  
 Speke mayster woodcock, speke parot I pray ye  
 My leman your lady er wyll ye see  
 My lady your leman one bntertakes  
 To be safe from hye by slippynge through a lakes  
**Louer loved.** That worde I harde but yet I see her not  
**No louer no: loved.** No more do I mayster woodcock our lozde wot  
**Louer loved.** Unto that house where I dyd see her last  
 I wyll seke to see her and if she be past  
 So that to apere there I can not make her  
 Then wyll I burne after and ouertake her  
 The louer loved goeth out.  
**No louer no: loved.** Well ye may burne to gyther for all this  
 And do well ynough for ought that is yet amys  
 For gods sake one comne after and bast hym  
 It were great pyte the fyre shulde wast hym  
 For beyng fatte your knowledg must recorde  
 O woodcock well rost is a dyshe for a lozde  
 And for a woodcock ye all must nowe knowe hym  
 By mater of recorde that so doth shewe hym  
 And breuely to byng you all out of dowt  
 All this haue I seyned to byng abowt



Himselfe to conuince him selfe such by acte  
 As he hath done here in doing this faulte  
 He taketh more thought for this one woman now  
 Then could he for all in the world I make anowe  
 Which hath so shamefully defaced his parte  
 That to returne neither hath he face nor harte  
 Which sene, whyles he and she lifestyme in kysing  
 Gue ye with me iudgement a godes blessing  
**Louer loued.** The proofe of my saying at my first entre  
 That wretch byngeth now in place in that I lye  
 Dyssembling mans wynde by apparence to be  
 Thynge meaneuylent, which thing as I sayd  
 Is proued now true, howe was I dysmayd  
 By his false saying the deth of my darlyng  
 Whome I thanke god is in helth and eyleth nothyng  
**No louer no; loued** By I beseeche you of all your dysmayning  
 What other cause can ye lepe then your louyng  
**Louer loued.** My louyng, nay all the cause was your lyeng  
**No louer no; loued.** What had my lye done if ye had not loued  
**Louer loued.** What dyd my loue tyll your lye was moued  
**No louer no; loued.** By these two questions it semeth we may make  
 Your loue and my lye to parte euery the stake  
 Louyng and lyeng haue we brought nowe hyther  
 Louers and lyers to lepe both to gyther  
 But put case my lye of her deth were true  
 What excuse for your loue coulde then ensue  
**Louer loued.** If fortune god saue her dyd byng her to it  
**No louer no; loued.** The faulte were in fortune and in loue no whyt  
**Louer loued.** The hole faulte in fortune by my sheth well yt  
 God sende your fortune better then your toyt  
**No louer no; loued.** Well sy; at extremyte I can proue  
 The faulte in fortune as much as in loue  
 Then fortune in lyke case with loue nowe ioyne yow  
 As I with louyng ioynd lyeng euen now  
 And well they may ioyne all by ought that I se  
 For eche of all thre I take lyke vantage  
 But syns ye confesse that your part of such payne  
 Cometh halfe by loue, and that it is certayne  
 That certayne paynes to loued louers do moue  
 In whiche the faulte in nothyng saue onely loue  
 Is dyed and ielously eche of which with me  
 To your estate of loue is a dayly fo  
 And I clere out of loue declaring such thow  
 As in my case no payne to me can grow  
 I say this consydred hath pyth suffycent  
 In prouf of my parte to dyue you to iudgement



Lover louch.

For first a false hartes, for though I confesse  
That love bringeth some payne and your case paynes  
By means of your contented appetites  
Yet shortest pleasures that I possess  
Are as false about the case that ye profess  
As is my payne to your punishment  
Under the pleasures of contentation  
Thus made how ye will one way or other  
If ye wyne one way ye shall lese another  
But if ye intende for ende to be byss  
Joine with me herein for indifferent pefe  
I see ye knowe wel is a thinge that hath life  
And such a thinge as never feleth payne or strife  
But ever quiet and alway contented  
And as there can no way be invented  
To bringe a tree dyspleasure by felinge paine  
So no felinge pleasure in it can remayne  
A hors is a thinge that hath life also  
And he of felinge felth both welth and wo  
By dryuinge or drawinge al day in the mure  
Many paynefull toyners hath he in hure  
But after al those he hath alway at night  
These pleasures folowing to his great desyght  
First saye washt at a river or a weye  
And straight brought to a stable warme and saye  
Dey rubbyd and chafed from hed to hele  
And corpd tyll he be styte as an ele  
Then he is litted in maner nose his  
And hey as much as will in his belie  
Then prouender hath he oftespest benest of byde  
Whiche feedinge in felinge as pleasaunt to his byde  
As to a covetous man to beholde  
Of his owne westminster hall full of golde  
After which feeding he slepeth in quiet rest  
Deyring such time as his meat may digest  
Al this considered a hors or a tree  
If ye must chole the tone which woulde ye be  
When the hors must to labour by our lady  
I had leuer be a tree then a hors I.  
But howe when he resteth and sylleth his gorge  
Then wolde I be a hors and no tree by saint George  
But what if he must nedes lye to the tone  
Which were the best by the masse I can name none  
The first case is yours and the next is for me  
In case lybe a tree I may when ye  
For as a tree hath lyfe within feling

No longer louch.

Lover louch.

No longer louch.

Lover louch.

No longer louch.

Lover louch.

C.H.

whereby



wherby it felith pleasing not displeasing  
And can not be but contented quietly  
Euen the like case is yours now presently  
And as the hore feleth paine and not the tree  
Likewyse I haue paine and no paine haue ye  
And as a hore about a tree felth pleasure  
So fele I pleasure about you in rate sure  
And as the tre felith nother and the hore both  
Euen so pleasure and paine betwene vs twaine goeth  
Sins these two cases so indifferently fall  
That your selfe can iudge nother for perciall  
For indifferent ende I thinke this way best  
Of all our reasoning to debate the rest  
And in these two cases this one question  
To be the issue that we shal toyne on

No lover nor loved.  
Lover loved.

Be it so

Lover not loved.

Nowe are these issues couched so nic  
That both sides I trust shal take ende shortly  
I hope and desire the same and syng we  
were fyrst harde, we both humbly beseeche ye  
That we in like wise maye haue iudgement furth

Lover loved.  
No lover nor loved.

I graunt

Lover loved.

By the masse and I come best or worst  
Though nature force man styll y to encline  
To his owne parte in ech particuler thing!  
yet reason wolde man whan man shal determine  
Other mens partes by indifferent awarding  
Indifferent to be in al his reasoning  
herfore in this parte cut out of affection  
So that indifferency be direction

No lover nor loved.

Contented with that and by ought I espy  
we may in this mater take ende quickly  
Scan we theyr cases as she did apply them  
That we may perceiue what is ment by them  
He loueth vnloved a goodly one  
She is loved not louinge of an vgly one  
Or in his eye his lover semeth goodly  
And in her eye her lover semeth as vgly  
Her most despyred angels face he can not see  
His most lothely hell houndes face she can not see  
He loueth, she abhorreth wherby presens is  
His life, her deth, wherby I say euen this  
Be his feling paines in euery degre  
As great and as many as he sayth they be  
yet in my iudgement by these cases hath she  
As great and as many feling paines as he

when



**Louer loved** When mater at full is indifferently leyd  
In this iudgement here leyd this now  
What reason the tyme by me shoulde be deleyd  
Ye haue spoken my thought heretofore to you  
In peyning your paynes my consciens doth alowe  
I will counterpaine and thus your paynes be

**Louer not loved** I iudged by vs twaine one paine in degre  
Well thus your consciens drieth you thus to iudge  
I receiue this iudgement without grete or grudge

**Louer not loving** And I in like rate, yelouing vnto you twaine  
Partly thanks for this your vnderstand paine

**Louer not loved** Nowe maisters may it please you to declare  
As touching their parties of what minde ye are

**Louer not loving** With right good will sir, and sure I suppose  
Then parties in fewe wordes make come to pointe well

The two examples which he did disclose

All errors or doubtres do clerly expell

The estate of a tre his estate doth tell

And of the hoys his tale wel vnderstande

Declareth as well his case nowe in hande

For as nothing can please or displease a tre

By any pleasure or displeasure feling

For neuer bring a tre discontent to be

So like case to him not loved nor loving

Loue can no way bring pleasing or displeasing

Like women, die women, like women, or swim,

In all be content, for al is one to him

And as a horse hath many painefull fornes

A louer best loved hath paynes in like wise

As here hath apered by sondry weys

Which sheweth his case in worst part to rise

But then as the horse feleth pleasure in life

At night in the stable aboue the tre

So feleth he some pleasure as farte aboue ye

In some case he feleth much moze pleasure then he

And in some case he feleth even as muche lesse

Betweene the moze and the lesse it semeth to me

That betweene their pleasures no choise is to gesse

Wherfore I giue iudgement in short processe

Set the one pleasure euin to the tother

**No louer nor loved** Womanly spoken maistres by the roodes mother

**Louer not loved** Who heareth this tale wryth in different minde

E.iii,

And



And seeth of these thwaine eche one so full bent  
To his owne parte that nother in harte can finde  
To chaunge pleasures with other must nedes assent  
That he in these wordes hath gyven ryght iudgement  
In affirmance wherof I iudge and awarde  
Both these pleasures of yours as one in regarde

*Louer loved.* wel syns I thinke ye both without corruption  
*No louer nor loved.* I shall moue no mater of interrupcion  
*Loued not louing.* No; I but maysters though I say nought in this  
May I not thinke my pleasure more than his  
Affeccion bnbyled may make vs al thynke  
That eche of vs hath done other wronge  
But where reason taketh place it can not sinke  
Syns cause to be percial here is none vs amonge  
That one hed that wolde thinke his owne wit so strong  
That on his iudges he myght iudgement deusse  
what iudge in so iudging coulde iudge hym wyle  
well myne estate ryght wel contenteth me  
*Louer loved.* And I with myne as well content as ye  
*No louer nor loved.*

*Louer not loved.* So shulde ye both likewise be contented  
Eche other to see content in such degree  
As on your partes our iugement hath awarded  
your neyghbour in pleasure lyke your selfe to be  
Gladly to wishe Christes precept doth bynde ye  
Thus contentacion shulde alway prefer  
One man to ioy the pleasure of an other

*Louer loved.* True and contencion may be in like case  
All though no helth yet helpe and greate relese  
In both your paynes for ye hauing such grace  
To be contented in sufferance of grese  
Shall by contentacion auoide much myschiese  
Such as the contrary shall suerly bring you  
Payne to paine as paineful as your paine is now

Thus not we foure but al the wo:ld beside  
Knowlege them selfe or other in ioy or payne  
Hath nede of contentacion for a gyde  
Hauinge ioy or payne content let vs remayne  
In ioy or payne of other flee we disdain  
Be we content welth or woo, and eche for other  
Betwyle in the tone and pyte the tother

*Louer not loved.* Syns such contencion may hardly acorde

In such



In such kynde of loue as here hath ben ment  
Let vs seke the loue of that louyng loyde  
who to suffer passion for loue was content  
whereby his louers that loue for loue assent  
shall haue in tyme aboue contentacyon  
The felypng pleasure of eternall saluacyon

which loyde of lordes whose ioyfull and blessed byrth  
Is now remembred by tyme presentyng  
This accustomed tyme of honest myrth  
That loyde we beseeche in most humble meanyng  
That it may please hym by mercyfull hearpyng  
The state of this audyens longe to endure  
In myrth, helth, and welth, to graunt his pleasure

A M C R.

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